

AN ILLUSTRATED



DAY



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FRANCES COAN PERCY

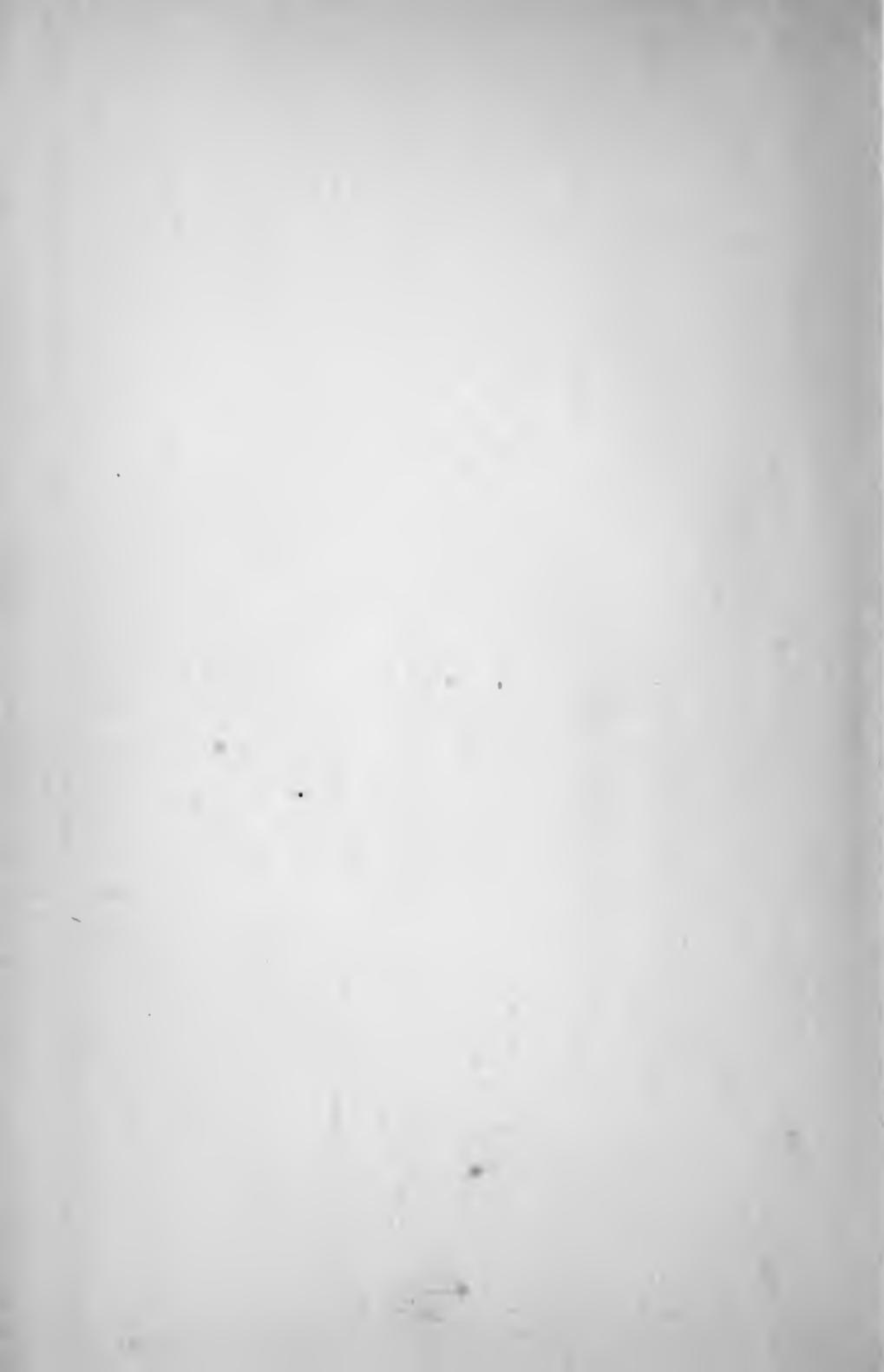


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AN ILLUMINATED WAY

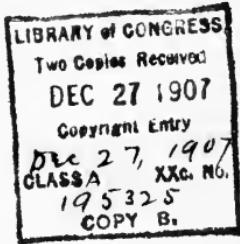
AND OTHER POEMS

BY
FRANCES COAN PERCY



BOSTON
RICHARD G. BADGER
The Gorham Press
1907

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1907

The Gorham Press, Boston, U. S. A.

TO
MY SON
RICHARD TRUMAN PERCY



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AN ILLUMINATED WAY



AN ILLUMINATED WAY

Oh, life is worth living upon this earth,
Though the storms will come, and loss and dearth,
And dread hours of dark and bitter tears,
For yet, through the course of the changeful years,
There is more of pleasure befalls than pain,
There is more of sunshine bestowed than rain,
There are gleamings of cheer in every day.
There are some things beautiful all the way;—
Sweet, human kindness found everywhere,
Unnumbered delights beguiling of care,
Dear comforts divine for aching hearts,
Allaying balms for the stings and smarts,
Some noble work for each one to do,
Some high essaying all life's journey through,
An immortal hope for the baffled soul,
A pledge of a sure, eternal goal,
The shield of faith for each storm and night,
And o'er all, through all,— God's fadeless Light.

THE LIGHT

They that sat in darkness saw great light;
They that dwelt in regions gloomed of death,
Unto them transcendent light sprang up.

'Twas the light of the Eternal One,
All ineffable, all glorious,
Shining upon mortals through the Christ.

In that light was joy so radiant,
Darkness, vanquished, fled from it afar,
Sorrow, baffled, stole away ashamed.

In that light was life, that so transformed
The dread region of the vale of death,
All its terrors vanished utterly.

In that light was vision so complete,
Full revealed appeared the heavenward way,
Beautiful with glad beatitudes.

And to them who saw that wondrous light
Was made known that if they held their hearts
Ever steadfastly upturned to it,

Never more should they in darkness sit,
Never more of shadows be afraid
In the region of the vale of death,

For that light would aye with joying beams
Lead them up the beatific steeps
Till they reach the everlasting heights,

Where the fullest glory of that light
Shall illumine them and shall seal them safe,
Evermore, from darkness and from death.

And with that baptism they shall pass
From the finite to the infinite,
All transfigured with the light for aye.

OCCASIONAL TUITION

While we have need — life's mission to fulfill —
Each hour to learn of Him to whom alone
The methods of the perfect way are known,
We seek Him only in some hour of ill,
Or brief inclining of our wayward will,
And go away illumed; but, all too prone
To follow faulty methods of our own,
Forget the teaching and the Teacher, till
In some weak hour we meet with overthrow
Attempting unillumed to walk, and then
Back to that ever-patient Guide we go,
Entreating humbly to be taught again;
Yet aye we miss the excellence they show
Who alway in His tutoring remain.

OUR HERITAGE

Alway for us does light divine
Fadeless, serene, transporting shine;
Why ever turn we from its rays
And walk in unillumined ways?

Alway the heavenly feast is spread,—
The living wine, the living bread;
Why do we weak and fainting go,
Or thirst or hunger ever know?

Oh, blind and slow of heart are we,
Who fail our present Lord to see,
And haste not fully to embrace
The blessings of His love and grace.

Did we in measure that we may
Take of His bounty day by day,
What heavenly joys were ever ours,
What measureless, exalted powers.

O heirs of God! rise to the height
Of your vast heritage of light!
Receive in its full blessedness
The wondrous birthright ye possess.

All things are yours since ye are His,
Who Maker, King, Preserver is;
Draw freely from His boundless store,
And joy and triumph evermore.

TRANSFIGURATION

Alone within the forest dark

The dwarfed young baron strayed,
And — plunged in bitterness of soul —
Sore lamentation made.

“ Creator of the beautiful,
Why was I made ?” he cried,
“ Why do I cumber so this earth
Where all is fair beside ?

“ A man in years, a man in will,
In stature but a child,
In shape distorted, hideous,
Fit but to be reviled.

“ What place have I among mankind ?
What joy is there for me ?
I cannot bear this baleful life,
Oh, let it ended be.”

Swift to his inner consciousness
A presence sweet drew near,
And a soft voice of tenderness
Smote on his inner ear.

“ Oh, mortal all astray,” it spoke,
“ Oh, faint and foolish heart !
Know’st not that of the man, the flesh
Is but a petty part ?

“ It is the spirit — not the flesh —
That constitutes the man,—
That mars or beautifies the life,—
’Tis that alone that can.

“ Joy that thy body need not house
A dwarfed, misshapen *soul*;
Joy that a life all beautiful
May yet become thy goal.

“ ’Tis thine to make thy *soul* attain
A beauty all divine,
A stature noble, and a shape
Of heavenly design.

“ Each noble deed or word shall make
Thy soul in stature grow,
Each noble thought within thee born
Shall added grace bestow.

“ This is the mission of thy life —
The work assigned to thee,—
To triumph o’er the flesh and prove
The soul’s supremacy.

“ And this, if thou fulfill it well,
Shall seem the more divine
Achieved with all the hindrances
Of that dwarfed form of thine.

“ Rouse thee apace to thy high task!
The time is not too long—
Hasten to make thy soul grow large
And beautiful and strong.

“ So shall thy life appear devised
Upon the noblest plan
And for the joy of Heaven be,
And for the light of man.”

The storm within the baron's heart
To calm had given place;
He turned and from the forest passed
With a transfigured face.

And from his eyes shone forth the light
Of an illumined soul
As on he sped, intent to gain
His manhood's highest goal.

HUMAN MINISTRY

To all that walk the ways of earth —
Of noble or of humble birth—
Belongs a power of priceless worth,
Divinely given,
Beloved of Heaven.

A power beautiful indeed,
To help their fellows in their need,
The hunger of their souls to feed,
And make less dreary
Lives sad and weary.

By little things that cost not much —
A kindly word, a look, a touch,
Thus sunny gleams to bring to such
As lack life's sweetness
In its completeness.

Yet o'er earth's pathways, high and low
Do mortals hungry, fainting go,
For what their fellows might bestow
Their hearts to lighten,
Their days to brighten.

Not pitiless are all, nor cold,
Yet all unthinkingly withhold
Much they might give more dear than gold,
To spirits weary
With burdens dreary.

No one his fellow's heart may read,
Or know the measure of his need,
Or number those who only bleed
 Yet smiling cover
 Their heart-wounds over.

And none there are of all that live
That live not better to receive
The pleasant things that all may give
 Of helpful power
 In every hour.

The kindly look and word and smile,—
How mighty are they to beguile,
And make earth's often weary while
 Not wholly cheerless,
 Though never tearless.

Alas, the many that remain
In spirit hunger and in pain,
And wait and long and pine in vain
 For such revealing
 Of fellow-feeling.

O mortals, freely give of such,
The cheering word, the smile, the touch
That nothing cost, that help so much
 Sad hearts to lighten,
 Dark hours to brighten.

COVETED HEIGHTS

Ambitious that our lives shall be
Noble to view,
We plan to tread some path that leads
To lofty heights, and great, good deeds
Resolve to do.

And if all vain our efforts prove
To walk those ways
And do those deeds, in sad lament
And bitter, idle discontent
We spend our days.

While near us many duties lie
We might fulfill,
Which, as they seem to us so small,
We blindly fail to do at all,
Or do them ill.

Forgetting that the God we serve
Sees not as man,
And that in His omniscient view
We shall do nobly if we do
The best we can;

And that the lowly paths we scorn,
If trod aright,
To some far loftier peak may wind —
In His regard — than that we find
Beyond our might.

To scorn or slight no worthy task
 However small,—
To do the little that we may
In a contented, perfect way,
 God help us all.

So shall our lives though humbly lived
 Be not in vain,
So shall our spirits heavenward rise,
And noble heights that touch the skies
 Surely attain.

IN LOWLY WAYS

Oh, sorrow not, my soul, nor idle be,
Though no great things are given thee to do,
Though in this striving world thou passest
 through
Thy path along the lowly ways must be,
And thy achievements but the few can see:—
 Though only He in whose omniscient view
 None lives but may fulfill some mission true,
Knows if thy life be one of victory;
Oh, hasten to perform without delay
 Thy part, in thankful and contented mood;
Do what thou mayest, in a perfect way,
 Thy sole ambition that the Master good,
When thou hast passed on earth thy latest day,
 May say of thee, “She has done what she could.”

THE REPOSE OF FAITH

Confiding to omniscient care
Each great and small concern,
Immeasureable peacefulness
Our trusting spirits learn.

Unharassed by perplexing fears,
Untroubled by dismay,
Serene and satisfied we walk
Our designated way.

We harbor no foreboding thoughts,
We dread no adverse fate,
But all life's diverse happenings
Unanxiously await.

With an unruffled calm we face
The frequent storms we meet,
With cheerful resignation bear
Our cherished hopes' defeat.

Assured that naught can have the power
To work for ill to those
Who in God's infinite embrace
Their destinies repose.

ARCANA

Oh, blessed they who groping here
Have felt for God and found Him,
And breathe the heavenly atmosphere
Of light and joy around Him;
They enter in the secret place
Of Him, the great Eternal,
And from His fulness they receive
Of things divine, supernal.

They feel His presence infinite
Surround them and enfold them,
They feel His love omnipotent
In tender mercy hold them;
So touched by Him, breathed on by Him,
His mighty forces thrill them,
His calm deep streams of strength and peace
Flow into them and fill them.

Uplifted and beatified
They rise to joys of Heaven,
They know the things unspeakable
To them that love Him given,
They see His mysteries sublime
Unfolding to their vision,
They hear celestial harmonies
And taste delights elysian.

They only know who find Thee, Lord,
The comforts which Thou givest,
The sweet arcana measureless
Of them in whom Thou livest,
Increasing in them more and more
Till soul from flesh shall sever,
And Thou in thy full perfectness
Shalt stand revealed forever.

CHILDREN OF THE KING

Children of the King of kings,
As ye walk your earthly way,
Do ye bear you royally
And your noble birth betray ?
Do ye walk in love to all,
As your Lord and King decrees,
Serving others for His sake,
Seeking not yourselves to please ?
Are ye gentle, merciful,
Slow to wrath, quick to forgive ?
Do ye make some fellow-souls
Happier because ye live ?
Are ye pure in heart and life,
With the beauty of the King —
Speaking no unrighteous word,
Doing no unrighteous thing ?
Do ye bravely, nobly bear
Every sorrow, every loss,
Triumphing o'er grief and pain,
Taught of Him who bore the cross,
Singing to your God and King
Thankful praises as ye go,
Filled with the sweet peace He gives
And the joys His children know ?

Ah, if so ye walk your way,
No insignia ye need
Clearly to proclaim yourselves
Children of the King indeed,
For your likeness unto Him
In such heavenly graces shown,
All unerringly reveals
That ye are in truth His own.

O HOLY LIGHT

O holy Light, O blessed Light!
That from the heights divine,
Upon our desert darkness here
With gladdening rays dost shine!
New life, new strength, new joyfulness
Come to us with thy beams,
The sombre hours illumined are,
And earth like Heaven seems.

O wondrous, never-dying Light!
Led by Thy guiding rays,
Undoubting, undismayed we walk
Life's grievous, thorny ways;
By Thee transfigured they appear
With mercy flooded o'er,
And leading upward to the joys
That live forevermore.

Shine ever on us, heavenly Light,
And fill us more with Thee,
Till clothed with fadeless flowers of grace
Our barren hearts shall be;
Shine on us, beatific Light,
Till night be passed away,
And for our ransomed souls shall dawn
The endless, perfect day.

THE NEW YEAR

O longing soul, athirst for joy,
With confidence and hopeful cheer
Receive the promise-bright New Year;
Shrink not from it with doubt or dread,—
It brings new opportunity,
New pathways to delight for thee.

Regard no more thy vanished joys
With life-depressing, vain regret;
The storms of bygone days forget,
Let the dark past be wholly past;
Doubt not the New Year's power to bless,
Believe in coming happiness.

Yet stand not still and wait for joy;
The highest good comes not unsought,
The highest joy is only brought
By search that holds a paradox —
'Tis soonest found and perfected
When other ends are sought instead.

Seek earnestly thy fellow's joy;
With purpose eager, constant, kind,
Strive faithfully the way to find
To bring to all within thy reach
Some brightness, lacking but for thee,
Some sweetness through thy ministry.

Search for the best, completest way
To use thy powers great and small,
Though only He who seeth all
May know if thou succeed or fail;

So shalt thou find most surely thine,
Joys measureless, supreme, divine.

So shall a door that none can shut
Be opened for thy heart apace
To the illimitable space
Where God unfolds His hidden things
To those who seek to do His will
And His high purposes fulfill.

THE HEAVEN-SENT VISION

When we in some still, solemn moment gaze
Down the potential vista of life's ways,
We see in vision radiantly clear
Our soul's high possibilities appear.

O mortal! dost thou deem that vision bright
But a mirage of thy deluded sight,
That thou apace dost turn from it away
Nor lettest it within thy memory stay?

Know that it is of Heaven sent to thee
Revealing what thy life was meant to be;—
Thy all too unaspiring soul to fire
With strong, pursuant passion of desire.

Oh, to the radiant vision, Heaven-sent,
Be wholly, joyfully obedient,
And tarry not, lest swiftly come the hour
When thy still eager will no more has power.

IMMORTALITY

By all the powers that within me live
I know I cannot perish utterly.
By all the faculties that I possess
That dwarfed and crippled are for want of scope,—
By all the fettered forces in me pent,
Contending, agonizing to be free
To reach their utmost possibilities,—
By all the thoughts that in me surge and swell,
And struggle futilely for utterance
Through the weak medium of mortal speech,—
By all the hunger growing more and more
My inmost being, daily, hourly knows
That only the unseen can satisfy,—
By all of these and more than these, I know,
Though voice of revelation silent were,
My life ends not when fails this mortal breath.
Shall things insensate made by mortal hands,—
The monuments upreared by skill of man —
For ages upon ages still endure,
And I, whose power of thought can reach to Heaven
And hold within its grasp the universe
Live but the few unsatisfying years
Allotted here to man upon this earth ?
Shall I, by God the uncreated made,
Endued with life from Him — the life of all —
I, of mankind — His greatest, noblest work —
Endure no longer than some petty thing
That has been fashioned by created man ?
Nay, all the powers that within me live
With confidence declare it shall not be;

And chief, the Voice that speaks in us from God
Proclaims most clearly, "Thou shalt live for aye;
Thou art gone out from *me* and canst not die,
Because I live thou livest evermore."

DIVINE ATTUNEMENT

For others and itself each human heart hath power
to give
Diviner, gladder music than do songful birds of
June;
But 'neath the heavenly Master's constant touch
the heart must live,
To make sweet music always and be never out of
tune.

SHEKINAH

Had not such heavy darkness come to me,
So deep, so all-involving, that no ray
Of human brightness could the black gloom pierce
Or its sore grievousness in aught allay,
I had not known such shining in my soul
Of Him whose beams turn midnight into day,
And whose transforming, heavenly light
Irradiated my dark night.

Had I not known such bitterness so dire
That all of human sweets seemed lost in it
As if they were not nor had ever been,
I had not known the sweetness infinite
Brought with the presence of that Shining One,
Who softly beamed into my soul and lit
With tender, beatific light
The deeply dark and bitter night.

Oh, blessed darkness, that to me revealed
In such glad wise that wondrous Light divine;
Oh, blessed bitterness, whereby there came
Such heavenly sweetness to this heart of mine
When that so radiant One beamed through the
gloom
And made the dark with starry comforts shine,
Transfiguring with His soft light
The sombre and so bitter night.

O Thou, who so didst glorify my night,
In quick compassion for my anguished prayer,
My grateful heart now rests in steadfast trust
That naught can come to me I cannot bear

Of darkness or of bitterness henceforth,
For Thou, O Shining One, Thou wilt be there,
And Thou wilt make the darkness light,
The bitter sweet, in each dark night.

REST

Hebrews iv. 3

Oh, not alone within the gates of Heaven
Can rest be found, enduring, infinite,
It is the portion sweet to mortals given,
Who trustfully to God their all commit.

In His eternal love and might believing,
And His compassion for the soul distressed,—
His promises in perfect faith receiving,
They come to Him and enter into rest.

To His omniscient, tender care confiding
The heavy burdens of their fears and woes,
In His embrace by day and night abiding,
They find secure, ineffable repose.

While so in Him they have their habitation,
The victory o'er care and sorrow won,
They see the dawning of a new creation,
And know that Heaven is for them begun.

TRAILING ARBUTUS

Arbutus, thee I greet
 Fair messenger of spring!
New hope, new promise sweet
 Does thy dear advent bring;
A blessed influence
 Comes to my heart with thee,
A glad, exalting sense
 Of brighter things to be,
A revelation new
 Of life's deep mysteries,
Its forces hid from view,
 Its silent victories.
Dear, lowly, fragrant flower,
 That gemmest the dark earth!
The same Almighty power
 That gave to thee thy birth,
And through thy covering
 Of leaves sombre and dead,
Made thee with glad upspring
 To lift thy lovely head,
Can give the might to me,
 Through every cumb'ring weight,
To rise triumphantly
 To a more noble fate,—
From every darksome power
 Escaping to the light,
Unfolding every hour
 New grace, new joy, new might;
And haply so, like thee,
 Some effluence to give,
That other lives may be
 More blest because I live.

If with prevailing power
Thy messages remain
Within my heart, dear flower,
Thou hast not lived in vain.

BOW OF PROMISE

O God, our Father throned above,
Our strong Protector day and night,
How could we live without Thy love,
How could we walk without Thy light.

O'er all the sorrows that we meet
Thou givest us the victory,
While sure of Thy compassion sweet
We lift our streaming eyes to Thee.

The rays of Thy transcendent light
Shine on our swiftly falling tears,
And lo! Thy bow of promise bright
Across our clouded sky appears.

Thy bow of promise! Oh, the light
Of hope, of joy, in it we see,
Foretelling Heaven's glories bright,
Where storms forever past shall be;—

Forever past our darksome days,
When we shall dwell for aye with Thee,
And with Thy pure immediate rays
Shall be illumined eternally.

AMID NATURE'S SCENES

I praise Thee, Father, that the joy divine
Is given me,
These marvelous and mighty works of Thine
A while to see.

If within walls that lately shut me in
Thou seemed anear,
How my glad soul with sense to sight akin
Discerns Thee here.

I view the wonders which Thy hand hath wrought
In earth and sky,
And ever present is the blissful thought
That Thou art nigh.

I feast my soul upon the glories bright
That meet my gaze,
And wholly is my being filled with light,
And songful praise.

No more the grievous doubts and fears I meet
That vexed me so,
But trust and peace unutterably sweet
Alone I know.

Dear Lord, may this glad consciousness of Thee
That joys me here,
Remain when these Thy wondrous works, to me
No more appear;

And so uplift my soul that never more
May enter in,
Doubt of Thy tender love's protecting power,
Or fear, or sin.

RECOVERY

(*In the Open Country*)

A prisoner set free!
O glorious liberty!
Unloosened from the fretting chains,
Emancipated from the pains
That held me in captivity
And hid the beautiful from me.

What wondrous joy is this,
What recompensing bliss!
Four walls exchanged for boundless space,
Uncheerful scenes for Nature's face,
The ceiling low that barred my eyes,
For the unfathomable skies!

Is this world that I see
The same 'twas wont to be ?
Or have I some new gift of sight,
Some new divinely guiding light,
Revealing as a glad surprise
Creation in its real guise ?

Bathed is the whole in sheen
Aforetime all unseen;
Am I still mortal ? Is this earth ?
Has come to it or me new birth ?
Or are things mundane past for me,
And is this Paradise I see ?

Voices unheard of old
Have all that I behold,
Speaking in language to my ear
All strange, yet marvelously clear,
But powerless I by word or sign
To give it utterance of mine.

From all in earth and skies
Unceasingly arise
Glad symphonies all heavenly sweet,
That never mortals may repeat,
Yet echoes from my raptured heart
Give them in me a counterpart.

O may the happy power
Born in this golden hour —
The power to find in all I see,
New grace, new beauty — grow in me,
Until I reach that heavenly sphere
Where still diviner things appear.

WHERE NATURE REIGNS

Far from the city's noise and strife,
Far from the busy scenes of life,
I rest my weary brain and heart
Where peaceful Nature reigns apart.

Grand, countless hills around me rise
All glorious in summer guise;
The fragrant woods and fields are nigh,
And bright above me smiles the sky!

So fair is all to every sense,
So marvelous its influence
The heart from every care to win,
It seems to Paradise akin.

The trees whose thick-leaved branches spread
Their grateful shade above my head,
Whisper of God's protecting care
Shielding from all one could not bear.

The hills that rise around me tell
God's love and power immutable,
Surrounding mortals night and day,
And strongholds for their hearts for aye.

The sky above, serene and bright,
Breathes of God's wondrous peace and light,
And sunset splendors prophesy
Of glories veiled from mortal eye.

O voice of God, that speak'st to me
In all the beauty that I see,
Speak to me still when far away
I need thy succor, as to-day.

O peace of God, whose comforts fill
My spirit here, be with me still
When vexing cares again essay
To draw my heart from peace away.

O light of God, that shinest here
Upon my heart divinely clear,
Still brightly beam for me, I pray,
When from these glorious scenes I stray.

That I no more may darkness know,
And richly in my heart may grow
Henceforth new graces and new powers,
Born in these radiant, blessed hours.

AMONG THE HILLS

Lord, as Thy works sublime of earth and sky
Our eager eyes enraptured see,
With recognition glad that Thou art nigh,
Apace our hearts go out to Thee.

Out from the harassing concerns of earth
To Thy divine tranquility,
Out from all sense of human loss and dearth
To the transporting sense of Thee.

Thee manifest in all that Thou hast made,
All, palpitant with life of Thine,
All, eloquent of Thy creative thought,
Thy mighty purposes benign.

All, softly breathing messages full clear
From Thee, O giver of all good,
Sweetly unfolding to the listening ear
The secrets of Thy fatherhood.

We with hushed hearts would hearken faithfully
To Thy creation's utterance,
And lose not aught its voices tell of Thee
And Thy unfailing providence.

That when constrained to turn ourselves once more
To earth's tumultuous affairs,
It shall not be to battle as before
With unillumined griefs and cares.

But life shall hence irradiated be,
And toils and ills transformed appear,
From the revealing to our hearts of Thee —
Through these Thy works — vouchsafed us here.

MY TREE

Through all the length of summer's beauteous reign,
 One graceful tree
Has given in its bright attractive dress
The only glimpse of Nature's loveliness
 Vouchsafed to me.

But ah, how grateful for this blessed glimpse
 My heart has been!
With what delight have I its charms surveyed,
Its sunlit, wind-tossed leaves, its light and shade,
 Its emerald sheen.

Above my roof its branching arms it spreads
 Protectingly,
And with its foliage dense and towering form
Alike from burning sun and raging storm
 Has sheltered me.

And oft in hours of solitude it seems
 To speak to me
Of One unseen, who ever near me stands,
And will all needful pain, with loving hands,
 Avert from me.

But now my tree a new, more gorgeous dress
 Begins to wear;
A sign, alas, that what so charms my eye
Must all too soon fall to the ground and die
 And leave it bare.

Yet though its loveliness departs, its form
Shall still be dear,
In mem'ry of its grace and beauty flown,
In gratitude for all that it has done
 My heart to cheer.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

Grant me, O Christ, the blessed power
To keep before me every hour,
Thy life of sacrifice complete,
Thy precepts pure, exalted, sweet;
To lead me so to nobler ways,
To lift me so to higher praise;
My dearest hope and aim to be
To live the life approved of Thee.

O Holy Teacher, perfect Guide!
Alway in Thee may I abide;
No strength, no grace apart from Thee
Have I Thy follower to be;
In Thee abiding day by day,
Thy laws of love may I obey;
Thy joy enduring, heavenly, gain,
Thy everlasting peace attain.

FALLING LEAVES

Oh, gently falling, dying leaves,
To part with you my spirit grieves,
Your changing beauty ever bright,
Has given me such pure delight.

When I was weary, lonely, sad,
You charmed my sight and made me glad;
You formed a picture rare for me
And cheered me in my poverty.

But now November's chilly breath
Has doomed you all at last to death;
I watch you falling one by one,
And mourn your charming life is done.

But ere you perish utterly,
In hues still lovelier to see
You joy my wondering, lingering gaze,
And glorify your latest days.

Oh, swiftly falling, dying leaves,
Your fleeting life a lesson gives:—
Our days are also briefly told,
We too must feel life's wintry cold.

Would we might sweetly, purely live,
Some happiness to others give;
Would, as we yearly older grow,
Our hearts might some new beauty show,

And life's declining, closing days
Be luminous with virtue's rays,
Leaving a record fair to see,
A never-fading memory.

THE LAST MESSAGE OF THE LEAVES

O beautiful leaves! from your earliest hour
Dear messages oft ye have whispered to me,
Aye blessing my heart with the mystical power
 And marvelous cheer of your bright ministry;
O beautiful leaves — so soon to depart —
Again to me whisper one last message sweet
To gladden my life and strengthen my heart
 Ere voiceless and dead ye drop at my feet;
 Whisper it now to me, whisper it low,
 Whisper it quickly, for soon ye must go.

As if 't were a voice from the skies it shall be,
 And sacred and dear as the farewell of friends;
Then hasten to whisper it quickly to me,
 Ere the moment shall come when your fleeting
 life ends.
I mourn, lovely leaves, that so soon ye must die;
In dying, bequeath to me thoughts that shall live
When silent and lifeless forever ye lie;
Oh, hasten, dear leaves, your last message to give!
Waiting I listen your whisper to hear,
 Hark! now it comes to me thrillingly clear:

*The feeblest and the briefest life
Is not ordained in vain,
For smallest of created things
 Some purposes remain,
And each its golden season hath
 Which cometh not again.*

O perishing leaves! He who only could read
 My heart's failing courage, its nearing despair,
These sweet words of wisdom, so fit for my need,
 Has whispered through you in response to my
 prayer;
Uplift I my soul now and new courage gain,
 Despising no more my few feeble powers;
To meet my tasks lowly I hasten amain,
 Ere past for me also are life's golden hours.
Gladly your last whispered message I'll tell;
 Beautiful leaves, forever farewell!

FLOWERS OF CHRISTMASTIDE

Oh, blessed flowers of love and joy,
 Born of the breath of Christmastide!
The weary hours are glad for them,
 The sombre earth is glorified.

Lit by the spirit of the Christ,
 With wondrous loveliness they shine,
The glory of the highest heaven
 Floods them with radiance divine.

While on their sweet delights we feast
 And breathe their heavenly atmosphere,
Above earth's darksome things we rise
 And feel to Paradise anear.

Why should these peerless flowers die,
 Or lose their gladdening perfume?
The blessed Master teach us how
 To keep them in immortal bloom.

SOMETHING TO BE THANKFUL FOR

On a couch of pain
A weary invalid lay;
Stormy and dark was the day
And the gloom and rain
Seemed in full harmony
With her despondency,

While in doleful mood
She dismally brooded o'er
The burden of rue she bore;—
Lone widowhood,
Grievous infirmity
And threatened poverty.

Near to her side
Sat a lovely, fair-haired boy,
Beaming with health and joy.
“O mamma!” he cried,
Looking up from his play,
“Shall you keep Thanksgiving Day?”

O'er her heart apace
A wave of bitterness swept,
And heavier shadows crept
Over her face,
As wearily she sighed
And thoughtlessly replied,

“Oh, I don't know how
I can keep it any more,
Little to be thankful for
Mamma has now,

So much to make her sad,
So little to make her glad.”

Lifting his head
With a look of pained surprise
In the depths of his blue eyes,
The little one said
Almost reproachfully,
“ Why, mamma! you’ve got me!”

O’erwhelmed with shame
For her rashly spoken thought,
In her arms the child she caught,
While the quick tears came
And fell upon his head
As impetuously she said,

“ My precious boy,
My little mentor too,
Thank God, I *have* got you!
The dearest joy
A woman ever had —
You do make mamma glad.

“ May God forgive
My great unthankfulness
For so much blessedness,
And if we live,
In our own little way
We *will* keep Thanksgiving Day.”

O souls bereft
And tried with many an ill,
Is not *some* blessing still
 In mercy left
That makes life as it is
Not quite devoid of bliss?

Some treasure bright
Well worth your gratitude?
Some great joy — yielding good,
 'Midst all the night
Of loss and misery,
To whisper, " You've got me ? "

ASPIRATION

Thou who to high achievement dost aspire,
 Seek first thy little lowly tasks to do
With perfectness, as in the Master's view;
With zeal and faithfulness that never tire
The lessons He assigns to thee acquire,
 That when at last thy schooling here is through
 And thou art ready for acquirements new,
He then shall say to thee, " Friend, go up higher,"
And thou amazed shalt find thy place to be
 With some thou sawest far above thee here,
 Who like thyself have striven, and have won
From the good Master's lips (well pleased to see
 The talents multiplied which He holds dear)
Those words of commendation sweet, " Well
 done!"

CONSOLATION

The leaves that all their lovely life
Have cheered the heart and charmed the eye,
At last, with dying glory flamed,
Fall to the ground and lifeless lie,
And almost the dismantled trees
Appear as if about to die.
Yet through them still life's constant currents glide
And but awhile shall they bereft abide.

For Nature surely will repeat
Her old, bright miracle some day,
Rerobing them with leaves as fair
As those now swiftly borne away,
So, reconciled and comforted,
We see them go without dismay,
And feel through all the winter's blight and chill,
The world is beautiful and cheery still.

Likewise when bright and precious joys
From our embrace expiring go,
Almost bereft of life we seem,
Despoiled and desolated so,
But still the stream of life goes on
Within our hearts in ceaseless flow,
And still we feel hope's cheerful pulses beat
With prophecies of pleasures new and sweet.

For He who watches over all
Leaves not His children desolate,
But in the room of joys that die,
New joys as perfect will create,

So through bereavement's wintry reign
With patient faith and trust we wait,
Assured — though all be not yet understood —
Life is still beautiful and God is good.

WHILE I WAIT

Beloved souls, gone from my mortal sight
To the fair realm of endless joy and light,
What singular unreason have I shown,
Who have so thought of you with grief alone,
Forgetting, since on earth you ceased to be,
To thank our God that once you were with me; —
To thank Him for the golden days so dear,
So happy, when you sojourned with me here.
I pray God to forgive me this, and you,
Translated, blessed ones, forgive me too:
Now shall thanksgiving for your earthly while
My grief for transient loss of you beguile;
And dread of years — that may or may not be —
Ere summons glad to join you comes to me,
Merge in sweet retrospect of years I knew
Beatified by fellowship with you,
And in blest foretaste of that life above
That I shall come to spend with you I love;
So, though my coming to you may be late,
I shall have sweet beguilement while I wait.

THANKSGIVING DAY

Praise and thank the Lord most high!
Ye, His people, testify
What His love has done for you,
What thanksgiving is His due,—
Praiseful, measureless, sincere —
For the blessings of the year.

Praise and thank the Lord most high!
Let laments and murmurs die;
Count the days the sun has shone,
Count the joys that ye have known,
Reckon, if wjthin your power,
Blessings sent you every hour.

Praise and thank the Lord most high,
Who has sent in rich supply
Harvests of good things to you;
Let Him reap, in measure due,
Harvest bountiful and good
Of your loving gratitude.

Praise and thank the Lord most high!
All His goodness magnify;
If by aught that ye can do,
Ye may give Him joy in you,
Offer Him the tribute meet,
Lay it gladly at His feet.

Praise and thank the Lord most high!
Put your cares and troubles by;
Rise rejoicingly above
Selfish sorrow, selfish love;
Give your God — glad that ye may —
One adoring, thankful day.

RECOMPENSE

The leaves, that from their earliest day
In grace and glory clad each shrub and tree,
Beneath November's chill austerity
Have died and fallen from the trees away.

But through the space they occupied
When erstwhile they were such a joy to see,
The radiant sun shines in and blesses me
As it could not before they died.

And to my eyes are now revealed
Beauties unseen before of earth and sky,
And pleasant views of things far off and near,
Which those once cherished leaves concealed.

While through the trees of beauty shorn
I gain these new delights, these visions fair,
Oft I forget the branches are so bare,—
Forget for the lost leaves to mourn.

So too have joys I held most sweet,—
Joys that I gladly would have kept for aye —
Faded and fallen from my life away,
And dropped like dead leaves at my feet.

But through the cheerless void they left
The sunlight of God's love beams gloriously,
With benison of bliss unknown to me
Ere of those fleeting joys bereft.

And gladdening views to me are given
Of beauteous things erst hidden from my sight,
And I am blest with visions new and bright
 Of the serene, pure sky of Heaven.

So great the recompense I gain,
Almost what I have lost do I forget,
And thankfully refuse to nurse regret
 While these celestial joys remain.

RENEWED REVELATION

Through all the years of life's unstable scenes
 The same sublime creation greets the eyes,
The same vast wonders of the earth and sea,
 The same unfailing marvels of the skies.

Yet to the listening soul, the glories old
 Of earth and sea and firmament above
Appear an ever new apocalypse
 Breathed freshly from God's very heart of love.

THANKSGIVING

The comforts of earth's fruitful yield,
The goodly harvest of the field,
The pleasant things that come and go,
Enriching every season so,
To me and mine in plenteous store
The circling year has brought once more.
O God, I thank Thee! 'Tis to Thee
We owe such bounty full and free.

The glories of created things
That each returning season brings,
The miracles of loveliness
In Nature's ever-changing dress,
Transcendent charms of form and hue,
Have I and mine beheld anew.
O God, I thank Thee! Thine the praise
For beauteous sights and golden days.

In all the year's rich yield untold,
Of joys and blessings manifold,
It has been given me and mine
To see anew the Love divine
That tender watch above us keeps,
And never tires and never sleeps;
O God, I thank Thee! Thine shall be
Our grateful praise eternally.

AN UNFORESEEN HARVEST

I saw the garden of my joys
Laid waste by storm and frost;
Appalled, disconsolate, I mourned
The treasures I had lost.
No more were mine in harvest rich
Delights I held so dear,—
All swept away from view afar,
Or lifeless now and sere.

But in that garden God had sown
(I wholly unaware)
The seeds of unknown precious things
Incomparably fair;
So blinded by my tears was I
I saw not how they grew,—
Then vision came, and viewing them,
Great gladness thrilled me through.

I knew that God had planted them,
They were so all divine,
I knew that they immortal were,
And were forever mine;
I knew that naught could have the power
Their beauty to destroy,
Or ever render less for me
Their yield of perfect joy.

And now the boundless harvest comes
Of blessed things to me,
No eye hath seen nor ear hath heard,
Nor heart conceived to be.

As them I garner, in my soul
Such heavenly transports grow,
For loss of the withdrawn delights
My tears forget to flow.

And — miracle of miracles! —
I view with wonder deep,
The harvest growing more and more,
The more of it I reap:
With thankful joy each hour I see
New glories still unfold,
And know the harvest vast is mine
In everlasting hold.

CHRISTMASTIDE

O season golden, gladsome, sweet,
When joy-bells of our hearts repeat
The wondrous story o'er again
Of God's transcendent love to men.

Once more the angels' song we hear,
Divinely sweet, divinely clear;
Once more we hail our Lord and King,
And grateful, loving, tribute bring.

What room have we for cares or fears
With that song ringing in our ears ?
What room for sorrow or lament,
With eyes on that Redeemer bent ?

Uplifted and illumined so,
Into our spirits sweetly flow
The peace of which the angels sing,
The joy the Saviour came to bring.

And by that light of heavenly love
So beaming on us from above,
Released from every selfish thrall,
Our hearts reach out in love to all.

O glad and blessed atmosphere,
With hope and faith so bright, so clear!
O spirit sweet of Christmastide,
For evermore with us abide,

And keep our hearts through all the days
So full of love and joy and praise,
That always we may see our King
And hear the blessed angels sing.

CHRISTMAS CAROL

Behold the Dayspring from on high!
The darkness ends, the shadows fly,
The desert wastes of earth are lit
With presence of the Infinite;
 Light! Peace! Joy!
 Man's portion evermore.

Celestial hosts exulting sing,
The skies with glad hosannas ring,
The glory and the bliss of Heaven
To weary ones of earth are given;
 Light! Peace! Joy!
 Abounding evermore.

To them that strive, to them that weep,
To them that sit in darkness deep,
To them that bruised and captive mourn,
The blissful heritage is borne,
 Light! Peace! Joy!
 Enduring evermore.

The glow of Heaven floods the earth
And heavenly raptures spring to birth,
The gloom of night and death is o'er,
Light reigns triumphant evermore,
 Light! Peace! Joy!
 Triumphant evermore.

CHRIST IS COME

On the world with night surrounded
 Beams the glory from above,
Heralding the glad appearing
 Of divine, incarnate love;
The angelic host attending
 Of the wondrous advent sing,
And to us the Christ is given,
 Christ our Saviour, Christ our King.

Flee afar, O gloomy shadows!
 Flee afar, O shades of night!
In the brightness of His presence
 All is joy and peace and light.
No more darkness, no more terror,
 No more sin, if He abide
Royal guest, unfailing helper,
 Everlasting friend and guide.

Sing, ye souls so blest of Heaven!
 Raise your joyful anthems high;
Let the love of your Redeemer
 All your praises occupy.
Lift to Him your glad hosannas!
 Offer Him oblations meet;
Lay your grateful sacrifices
 Worshipfully at His feet.

For the glory of His presence,
 For the blessing of His peace,
For the joys His love has brought you
 Let your praises never cease.

Sing, ye ransomed ones, ye blessed!
Let your songs to Heaven soar;
Sing! for Christ to you is given,
And light reigns for evermore.

THE DAYSPRING

Luke i. 78, 79.

Extol the tender mercy of our God,
Who, mindful of the grievous ways we trod,
Sent down to us the Dayspring from on high,
Our weary pilgrimage to glorify.

O Dayspring radiant! touched by Thy light,
The powers of sin and darkness take their flight;
No more death's dreadful shadows do we see,
For life that has no death begins with Thee.

Thou makest storms tempestuous to cease,
Thou guidest us into the paths of peace,
Thou comfortest the sorrows of our way,
Thou leadest us to joys that live for aye.

O Dayspring, sent to light us from on high,
All our desire and need dost Thou supply;
The glory and the blessing of Thy rays
Make glad and beautiful life's thorny ways.

O Dayspring, Conqueror of death and night,
For the great gift of Thee, our Joy, our Light,
Adoring songs unceasingly we raise,
The tender mercy of our God to praise.

THE BIRTHDAY OF THE KING

'Tis the birthday of the King!
He the Wonderful, the Mighty,
He the King of kings for aye.
Ye who know Him, ye who love Him,
Gifts of love and worship bring,
Sing of Him with glad hosannas,
Prove your love for Him to-day.

Ye to whom His gracious aid
He has fully, freely given,
Never turning you away,
Never deaf unto your pleading,—
Ye for whom His love has made
Light in darkness, joy in sorrow,—
Give Him joy in you to-day.

Ye whom He has comforted
With the angel of His presence,
Ye with whom He walked the way
Of your suffering and peril,
Ye whom He has daily fed
With the hidden, heavenly manna,—
Prove your gratitude to-day.

Ye whom when by tempest tossed
He has brought to peaceful havens,
Ye whom He has taught the way
To the rest He gives the weary,
Ye to whom for joys ye lost
He has given joys undying,—
Be a joy to Him to-day.

CHRISTMAS HYMN

From the glory of the skies,
From the bliss of Paradise,
Came the Son of God to give
Light and joy to all that live.

He — the Lord of Heaven and earth —
In a manger had his birth;
Lowly, weary ways He trod
To show man the way to God.

He, the Christ, was friend indeed
Unto all men in their need;
None too humble for His care,
None too poor His love to share.

If His followers ye are,
Cast your worldly pride afar;
Lowly be like Him in mind,
Full of love to all mankind.

Lowly, loving, only so
In His footsteps may ye go,
Only so in all ye do
May ye give Him joy in you.

Haste to joy your King to-day;
Cast your loveless pride away,
Lay your hearts in tribute meet,
Lowly, loving, at His feet.

FOR CHRIST'S SAKE

Forth from his mansion grand and fair,
Into the Christmas morning air,
The rich man walked in all his pride,
With face serene, self-satisfied.

Across his path a poor child stepped
And timidly to him she crept,
And held up shyly to his view
Some little wreaths of pine and yew.

“ Please buy a Christmas wreath,” she said;
He sternly frowned and shook his head,
And waived her haughtily away;
She touched his arm his steps to stay.

“ For Christ’s sake,” said she pleadingly,
“ It is His day,” you know, said she.
Slowly unbent the haughty will,
Slowly the hurried steps grew still.

The strange words of appeal she spoke
Unwonted thoughts within him woke,
And drove complacence from his breast,
And filled him with a vague unrest.

For sake of every earthly friend
How much he had been glad to spend;
He had remembered kindly all
That were around him, great and small;

But for Christ's sake he had done naught,
Of Him he truly had not thought,
And 'twas His day, as she had said;
A moment, shamed, he hung his head,

And then he thrust a piece of gold
Into her hand so thin and cold,
And waiting not the thanks she said,
Upon his way he quickly sped.

But ever ringing in his ears
The little child's sweet plea he hears,—
“ For Christ's sake, 'tis His day, you know,”—
Until at last, incited so,

Such words and deeds of kindness
Sad lives to gladden and to bless,—
“ For Christ's sake,”— heart and hands employ;
As make the angels sing for joy.

The while his heart grows strangely light,
And all the day seems strangely bright,
And Christmas takes for him from hence
A new and sweet significance.

A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

Dear heart, it was but yesterday
So wide a gulf between us lay,
Impassable it seemed to be,
Forever keeping thee from me,
And in my pride and bitterness
I did not wish that it were less.

But when to-day came to my ear
That song we always loved to hear,—
The song so beautiful, so old,
That to the watching shepherds told
The story of the Saviour's birth,
Heaven's highest, richest gift to earth,—

A sudden light upon me beamed
That born of Heaven's glory seemed,
And by its brightness were dispelled
The darksome thoughts that in me dwelled,—
As shades of night are chased away
By the transforming light of day.

Again the ties that used to be
Seemed gently drawing me to thee,
And narrowed grew the gulf that lay
So wide between us yesterday,
Until my hand could almost reach
To thee, dear heart, across the breach.

Ah, if thy face I now could see
In sweet relenting turned to me,

If thou wouldst reach to me thy hand
As now so near to thee I stand,
The breach that still more narrow grows
Between our hearts would wholly close.

Stretch forth thy hand, beloved, now,
And let me clasp it, while we vow,
Henceforth — all other laws above —
Shall rule the heavenly law of love,
Revealed by the incarnate God,
Obeyed in all the ways He trod.

Dear heart, the angels' song I hear
Again, more beautiful, more clear;
Ah, sweet indeed the song they sing
And glad the tidings that they bring:
The Prince of Peace keep thee and me
In peace and love eternally.

THE MOURNER'S CHRISTMAS

Belovèd, dweller in that happier sphere
Which we but dimly can conceive of here,
How we were wont when thou wast on the earth
To hail the day that marked the Saviour's birth.

With one accord, for that one blessed day
We put our sorrows and our cares away,
And let no vexing memories alloy
The perfect brightness of our Christmas joy.

But can we keep the feast without thee, now ?
While still with crushed and bleeding hearts we bow
Beneath our sorrow in our loss of thee,
Can we of Christmas joys partakers be ?

Can we sing happy carols as before
When thou dost lend thy helping voice no more ?
Can we attune our hearts to gladsome praise
As when thou wast with us in bygone days ?

Seem we to see thy gentle, loving eyes
Reproachfully regard us from the skies,
Reminding us of all the debt we owe
Our blessed Lord, whom thou dost see and know.

Were He not born, ah, where were our relief,
Our consolation, in our loss and grief ?
How could we from our crushing sorrow rise
Had he not come to point us to the skies ?

With humble, thankful hearts will we recall
The wondrous love wherewith He loved us all
And gladly make His day a day of days
All glorious with love and joy and praise

Believing thou dost join us while we sing
Our joyful praises to our Saviour King,—
Believing thou wouldest have us lift our eyes
Above thy grave to thy bright Paradise.

EASTER CAROL

Behold your risen Lord, ye mourning ones!
Behold Him mighty Conqueror of death!
Lift up your hearts from sorrow and dismay,
Hear for your joy the living words He saith.

“ I am the Resurrection and the Life;
Whoso believes in me shall never die;
Whoso believes in me, though he were dead,
Yet shall He live eternally, as I.

“ Lo, I am He that liveth and was dead;
Behold, I am alive for evermore;
Because I live, ye too shall live for aye,
I vanquished death for you, its sting is o'er.”

Arise then from your darkness and despair;
Your Lord is risen, and ye shall not die;
Joy in the Life eternal that He gives,
And follow Him to your abode on high.

OASES

When across a dreary region
Mortals are constrained to go,
Where the bitter rue is rampant,
And no sweets appear to grow,
How a touch of human kindness
Makes the weary pulses beat
With new quickening of courage,
And new strength for tired feet.

How apace, illumed, transfigured,
Does the sombre way appear,
Like the oases of deserts
Which the weary traveler cheer;
How the troubles seem to lessen,
And the burdens lighter grow,
How the bitter is forgotten
In the sweet, new-springing so.

Tutored and inspired divinely
Are the souls so moved to give
To their hapless fellow mortals
Help their weary lives to live;
'Tis the spirit of the Highest
Working in their human will,
His sweet laws of loving kindness
And compassion to fulfill.

And until they hear the Master
Say, " To whomso'er it be,
Inasmuch as ye have done it,
Ye have done it unto me,"

Naught can be so satisfying,
So requiting, as to know
They make oases for others
Who have desert ways to go.

WHERE CHRIST LEADS

Thou who didst tread earth's weary ways
Our Light and Guide to be,
To teach us over sin and death
To gain the victory,
O Christ, our Saviour and our King,
Help us to follow Thee.

Thou who didst come to lift us up
Where Heaven's glories shine,—
Didst live for us Thy perfect life
Of love and grace divine,—
Help us, dear Lord, our little lives
To pattern after Thine.

O Christ, whose sacrifice sublime
Has made us blest for aye,
The path to sacrifice of self
Reveal to us, we pray,
And help us evermore to walk
That consecrated way.

GOOD FRIDAY

Not by the prostrate form,
The lowly bended knee,
The chastening of the flesh,
May we best honor Thee
Who for Thy love for us
Didst die on Calvary.

Not by the solemn fast
Kept to Thy memory,
Not by the chanting low
Of mournful litany,
May we best prove our love,
O Lamb of God, to Thee.

The humbling of the soul,
The searching strong within,
The penitential tear,
The casting off of sin,—
These most shall honor Thee,
These best Thy blessing win.

The keeping Thy commands,
The following of Thee,
The sacrifice of self,
The life of purity,
These only prove our love,
O Crucified, to Thee.

TEST OF DISCIPLESHIP

“ By this shall all men know,” saith Jesus,

“ That ye are my disciples true,

If ye have love one to another,

Such love as I have had to you.

“ Forgive each other your offences,

Be kind, be just, in word and deed;

Esteem all men to be your brethren,

And minister unto their need.

“ Go bless the wretched, feed the hungry,

Receive the stranger, help the weak;

The sick and the afflicted visit,

And words of heavenly comfort speak.

“ Then inasmuch as ye have done it

To one of these, who'er it be,

It shall indeed by me be reckoned

As though ye did it unto me.

“ And ye shall be loved of my Father

If my commands ye thus obey;

We will abide with you and give you

The joy that none can take away.”

BEGINNING TO LIVE

There were tumult and dismay
In the crowned thoroughfare,
As — where no one else would dare —
A poor child pushed her way.

There were cries of sharp distress,
Then, — felled by the horses' feet,
Down on the stones of the street
She lay crushed and motionless.

In a moment, tenderly,
Strong arms from the gathered throng
Raised her and bore her along
To the aid for such as she.

To a small cot soft and warm
As it never had pressed before,
They gently, speedily bore
The so mangled girlish form.

Oh, the piteous story told
By that wasted frame ill clad —
By that white, still face so sad,
So young and yet so old.

The surgeon's practiced eye
Foresaw what the end would be,
And he whispered pityingly,
“No hope, the girl must die.”

She heard, and moved her head
With a feeble, startled cry,
“ Oh, no, no! — I can’t die,—
I haven’t *lived* yet!” she said.

Then a soft and gentle hand
Took hers in tender hold,
And a soft voice sweetly told
Of the bright and beautiful land.

Where shall never enter care
Nor hunger nor distress,
But perfect happiness
Shall eternally be there.

A look of glad content
Into the child’s face came,
And she said, as life’s flitting flame
Down into darkness went,—

“ There’s not much then I’d give
To stay — I had rather go —
For I haven’t lived yet — you know —
But now — I’m goin’ — to — live.”

EASTER HYMN

After the cross, the crown,
After the grave, the skies;
Christ is arisen from the dead,
We unto Him shall rise.

Brightly the Easter joy
Beams on our pilgrim way,
Lighting the shadows with the glow
Of the eternal day.

Earnest of Heaven's bliss
Comforts our sorrow's night;
Death is the door to Paradise,
Darkness the path to light.

Upward, O risen Christ,
Draw us for aye to Thee;
Upward, o'er sorrow, sin, and death,
Victors like Thee to be.

Glorified is the way
Thou hast before us trod,
Even so raise unto Thee,
Saviour, Thou Son of God.

EASTER LILIES

On the Easter morn a maiden went
Up to the house of prayer;
Lilies pure and sweet she bore
To lay on the altar there.

Oh, lovely the lilies within her hands,—
Lilies that live but a day,—
But fairer the lilies within her heart,
The lilies that live for aye.

The Lord beheld within her hands
The lilies so pure and fair,
And down in her gentle heart He looked
And saw the pure lilies there.

Oh, dear unto Him the frail earth flowers
That were on His altar laid,
But dearer the heaven-born spirit blooms,
The lilies that never fade.

He joyed in the fragile lilies sweet,—
The lilies that live but a day,—
But the beautiful lilies in her heart
Will give Him joy for aye.

LIFT UP YOUR HEARTS

Ye heirs of glory, lift your hearts!
Grope ye no more in sorrow's night,
Lift up your hearts unto your God
And be illumined with His light.

Lift up your hearts, ye weary ones,
To the calm, restful heights above;
Behold your God compassionate,
And be transported with His love.

Lift up your hearts to Christ your Lord
And see your heaven drawing near;
Look up to Him, ye heirs of grace,
And the celestial anthems hear.

No more for you are grief and dread,
Touched by that Presence all divine,
No more for you are gloom and night,
On whom His beams of glory shine.

Lift up your hearts unto your King
And of His joy partakers be;
Arise and triumph in His might
And with Him reign eternally.

EASTER

Earth joyously herself prepares
To greet the glorious Easter morn,
And hastens the dark robe she wears
With lovely blossoms to adorn.

She bids her hosts of songsters sweet
Their loudest Jubilates raise,
The Lord of heaven and earth to greet,
The conqueror of death to praise.

The incense of the newborn flowers
With the adoring carols blends,
And heavenward on golden hours
Earth's Easter sacrifice ascends.

And thou — my soul — are flowers of grace
Newborn in thee to joy thy King?
With grateful love wilt thou apace
Lay at His feet rich offering?

What hallelujahs will He hear
From thee, silent of praise so long?
Wilt thou uplift to greet His ear
New sacrifice of grateful song?

Behold, thy risen, loving Lord
Calls to thee from the glorious skies;
Lift up thy heart with glad accord,
Fix steadfastly on Him thy eyes.

Then shall immortal blossoms spring
In all thy loveless, desert ways,
And thou anon shalt learn to sing
Sweetest hosannas to His praise.

MY COMING WEALTH

Of terrestrial possessions
Only very few have I,
But there is a wondrous fortune
Coming to me by and by.

Coming when the heavy fetters
That have bound my spirit here,
At the dawn of life supernal
Shall forever disappear.

Then shall I inherit treasures
Hitherto withheld from me,
Then shall joy succeed to sorrow,
Boundless wealth to poverty.

Then shall jewels I once cherished,
Long since lost, lamented sore,
Be restored to me forever,
Fairer, brighter than before.

And the flowers of hope that perished
In misfortune's blighting air,
And that long ago were buried
'Neath the cold sod of despair,

To a joyful resurrection
Quickly shall awaken then,
In a breath shall bud and blossom,
Never more to die again.

Blessings, raptures yet undreamed of
Has that life of Heaven for me,
Riches which can never perish,
Mine for all eternity.

Such the fortune that awaits me
When my earthly life is past,
So I live in trusting patience,
For 'twill surely come at last.

OUR DAILY BREAD

Give us this day our daily bread;
Bread for our hungry souls we need,
Oh, grant with heavenly sustenance
Thy suppliant servants, Lord, to feed.

Give us this day our daily bread,
Lest faint and weak our spirits grow,
And to the conflicts of the way
Unequal, meet with overthrow.

Give us this day our daily bread;
Feed us with angels' food, we pray,
That so sustained we may be strong
To serve Thee as we would to-day.

Give us this day our daily bread,
That growth in grace we may attain,
And so may witness, to Thy praise,
We have not asked for bread in vain.

VISITED BY GOD

Psalm xvii. 3

How often in the gloom of sorrow's night,
When human love and joy are hid from sight
And only darkness all around I see,
Thou, Lord, in pitying love dost visit me;—
Thou, in whose soul-beatifying light
No sorrow can have dominance, no night.
I do not need with loud appeal to call
To bring Thee near, who fillest all in all,—
If I but turn a trustful thought to Thee
In eager longing that my soul may be
Joyed with the consciousness that Thou art nigh,
Apace a flood of light illumines my sky,—
I feel a sudden rapture fill my heart
That only Thy near presence can impart,
And know that Thou art come to visit me,
Swift to irradiate my dark with Thee,
To heal my wounds, to banish my distress
With Thy almighty touch of tenderness,
To make my bitter woes forgotten be
In the transcendence of my joy in Thee,
To hold me in Thy strong embrace until
New might shall my enfeebled spirit fill.
Can I know sorrow then — though still afar
Belovèd human friends and comforts are —
While so exalted, so supremely blest
With Thee, eternal Father, as my guest ?
Ah, never more, dear Lord, can I be made
Of darkness or of loneliness afraid,
Or pain or weariness, or sorrow's night,
Or loss of all terrestrial delight,

For Thou in love divine forgiving me
For my too seldom longing after Thee,—
Forgiving that I grieve Thee day by day,
So often turning from Thy face away,—
Thou dost delight in tender mercy still
And visitest me whenso'er I will.

FOR GRACE OF SPEECH

Guard and guide my lips, O Lord;
Let Thy grace and wisdom be
Rulers of my wayward tongue,
Saving monitors to me.

Faithful watch and ward to keep,
That my speech may ever be,
Taught by their restraining power,
Only words approved by Thee.

Aye to show, O Saviour dear,
Thou my guide and pattern art,
And Thy laws of truth and love
Have dominion in my heart.

Saviour, deign my prayer to hear;
Let Thy grace and wisdom be
Guardians of my froward tongue,
That my words offend not Thee.

HE KNOWETH THEM THAT TRUST IN HIM

Nahum i. 7

I trust Him, and He knoweth it;
He knoweth well that I commit
My all unto His tender care,
Content and glad to leave it there,
With faith unfaltering in His love,
With perfect trust that naught can move.

He knoweth how I trust in Him,
How darkest shadows cannot dim
My faith, nor make me trust the less
His wisdom and his tenderness.
And to my heart's sure trust will He —
Father of love — indifferent be ?

That God whose power is infinite
As is His love, will He permit
One soul in all His vast domain
Ever to trust in Him in vain ?
Oh, never, never could it be;—
No fear like this shall trouble me.

He knoweth that on Him I stay
My trust; He knoweth too the way
To change my sky's most leaden hue
To the serenest, heavenly blue,—
To make the evil that I see
Result in endless good to me.

And so through every seeming ill
With firmest faith I'll trust Him still,—
Patient, content, unquestioning;
And still my trusting heart shall sing
E'en when in death my eyes are dim,—
“ He knoweth that I trust in Him.”

I LOOK TO THEE

O God, my Father and my Friend,
Whose love doth all my steps attend,
I look to Thee my heart to fill
With sweet submission to Thy will.

I look to Thee to make me know
Thy presence with me as I go,
Thy blessing on me and Thy light
Illuming all the sombre night.

Why should I fear, when Thou canst give
The strength and grace I need to live,
The sweet assurance of Thy love,
Transcending all below, above ?

Dear Father, God, uplift my soul;
Bind up its wounds and make it whole,
And grant it evermore may be
Triumphant, joyful, strong in Thee.

JOY OF THE INVINCIBLE

Pilgrim of earth, constrained to go
In ways thou would'st not here below;
To see thy dearest hopes decay,
Thy dearest treasures pass away,
Thy griefs and burdens multiplied,
Thy soul beset on every side,—
Oh, shrink not, faint not, child of God,—
Though on and on the weary road
Through regions dark with sorrow lead;
Joy, if thou love thy King indeed,
That so 'tis given thee to show
Thou canst not meet with overthrow,
Since He, the Highest, maketh thee
Invincible through Him to be;
Joy that thou so the more may'st prove
The mighty wonders of His love,
And He — thy King, thy God — may be
Exalted, glorified in thee.
Joy thou indeed, if so the more,
In pain, in loss, in conflicts sore,
In crosses borne, in hard tasks done,—
By multitudes of victories won
Right nobly and right royally —
Thou mayest give Him joy in thee,
And He may count thee of the host
Who by His might have triumphed most,
And thou to His most holy place
May'st come at last to see His face,
And from His hands of love receive
The victor's crown He joys to give,
And all the blissful things that He
Hath in His heaven prepared for thee,

Transcending every hope divine
That ever entered thought of thine —
Full recompense for every tear
And every hour of trial here.

EVENING

As swiftly, silently draws near the night,
And into gloom the daylight dies away,
I praise Thee, Heavenly Father, for Thy light
That shineth ever, an eternal day.

I praise Thee that Thy weary child may see
The way to Thee, though darkness gathers deep;
I come, O Father, to receive of Thee
Thy pardon and Thy blessing ere I sleep.

I lift to Thee this burdened heart of mine,
Filled with the shadows of the deepening night,
Thou floodest me with rays of light divine,
And darkness flees from me, and all is light.

O Father, as the night of life draws near,
And fast earth's fading brightness ebbs away,
In growing glory may Thy light appear,
Until for me it alway shall be day.

AT HIS FOOTSTOOL

If when my heart
In prayer apart
To God would come,
My lips are dumb,
Or they convey
In feeblest way
The prayer and praise
My heart would raise,
Yet sure I rest
That not unblest
My soul will be,
Nor lost my plea
Upon His ear
So swift to hear.
The words I say,—
What matter they ?
My heart He reads
And all its needs,—
Sees struggling there
The fervent prayer
That words of mine
Can ill define,
And sooner I
Will slight the cry
My child so dear
Lifts to my ear,
Than He will be
Deaf to my plea,
Though voiced alone
In sigh or moan,
Or breathed in naught
But voiceless thought.

And so I dare
To leave my prayer,
Though all unmeet,
At His dear feet,
Trusting for it
His infinite
Compassion's heed,
As it hath need.

MORNING PRAYER

O Father, hear my morning prayer;
Thy aid impart to me
That I may make my life to-day
Acceptable to Thee.

May this desire my spirit rule,
And, as the moments fly,
Something of good be born in me,
Something of evil die.

Some grace that seeks my heart to win
With shining victory meet,
Some sin that strives for mastery
Find overthrow complete.

That so throughout the coming day
The hours shall carry me
A little farther from the world,
A little nearer Thee.

THE STILL HOUR

Dear Lord, this is Thy hour;
Oh, may Thy spirit's power
From every weight my spirit free
And lift me up to Thee.

Above the cares of life,
Above the pain, the strife,
To Thee, my God, I fain would rise,
And fix on Thee my eyes.

With Thee is rest and peace,
With Thee my troubles cease,
My lamentations change to song,
My fainting heart grows strong.

I come, O Lord, to Thee,
Uplifted, blessed to be;
Let me discern Thy presence now
As at Thy feet I bow.

Let Thy dear, heavenly voice
My weary soul rejoice;
Let Thy dear love my spirit feed,
And satisfy my need.

So may Thy presence give
New light, new strength to live,
And saving grace go forth with me
From this still hour with Thee.

TURNED TO THE LIGHT

As turn the flowers to the sun,
Expanding, joying in its light,
So unto Thee, O Shining One,
My spirit turns by day and night.

Life, hope, and joy Thy beams impart,
That freely on my darkness shine;
They satisfy my longing heart
With comforts measureless, divine.

Through gloom and storm and darksome night
I feel Thy beams upon me still,
I feel Thy all-illumining light
With joy my prisoned spirit fill.

Touched by Thy rays, my sorrows cease,
My bitter tears no longer flow,
The benediction of Thy peace
Unutterably sweet I know.

Lord, could I learn by grace of Thine
Alway on Thee to fix my eyes,
Foretaste of Heaven then were mine
Till Thou shalt call me to the skies.

There all withdrawn the veil from me
That holds Thee from my spirit's sight,
I shall Thy fullest glory see,
And joy forever in Thy light.

IN THE SECRET OF HIS PRESENCE

Psalm xxxi. 19, 20

How great, O Lord, the goodness Thou dost show
To them who in Thy boundless love confide,
Whom Thou dost lift from vexing things below
And in the secret of Thy presence hide.

Upheld by Thee in that exalted place,
For them earth's wearisome contentions cease;
No pride of man their spirits can abase,
No strife of tongues can dissipate their peace.

Kept safe from harm in that secure retreat,
They rest from terror and dismay afar;
No power of evil do they fear to meet
While so encompassed by Thy love they are.

From strength to strength victorious they go,
Made by Thy grace to feast on things divine;
Foretaste of Heaven's ecstasies they know,
While on their prisoned spirits Thou dost shine.

Serene, uplifted, they await the day
When from earth's heavy chains they shall be free,
And from all darkness they shall soar away,
Filled with Thy unveiled light eternally.

THE NEAR PRESENCE

Thou who art never far from us,

Though only dimly we perceive Thee,
Boundless in power and in love,

Eternal Father, we believe Thee;
Look down in pity, gracious Lord,

Upon our darkness and our blindness,
And manifest Thyself to us

In Thy transcendent loving-kindness.

Oh, let us feel upon our hearts

Thy touch of mercy and of healing,
To us who blindly reach for Thee,

Thy presence and Thy love revealing;
Oh, let us feel Thy mighty arms

By day and night surround, uphold us,
From every harmful, evil power,

In perfect refuge to enfold us.

So may undying, wondrous light

From Thee illumine us and fill us,
So may Thy spirit breathed on us

With quickened life and power thrill us,
To new fulfilling of Thy will

Our hearts unholly, wayward guiding,
Till we attain Thy heavenly grace,

Thy peace ineffable, abiding.

Almighty Father, God of love,

We know that Thou art ever near us;
We lift our hearts in prayer to Thee

In perfect faith that Thou wilt hear us;

Oh, may new knowledge of Thyself
To us in growing light be given,
Till we behold Thee as Thou art,
Unveiled before us in Thy Heaven.

ANSWERED

With weight of sombre hours oppressed, dismayed,
My heart cried, "Heavenly Father, speak to me,
And so irradiate my misery."
Apace a flower, humanly conveyed,
Spotlessly white, within my hand was laid,—
As it were one of God's white thoughts that He
Embodies so, that sentient souls may be
Aware of His near presence, and be made
By such illumed interpreters to know
In part what He would say to them, till He
Shall make them understand His speech; and so
My prayer was answered and God spoke to me
And made my gloomed, joy-barren heart to grow
All efflorescent with soft ecstasy.

A PRAYER OF PRAYERS

Lord, if one prayer alone
I unto Thee might offer, it should be
That Thou, Lord, wouldst make known
The secret of Thy presence unto me.

Not for a transient hour
Would I petition for this grace divine,
But I would crave its power
For every moment of this life of mine.

If all the way I go,
Thou, Lord, wert present to my spirit's sight,
No darkness could I know,
Nor ever lose the path, for Thou art Light.

The trials sore of earth
And all its sorrows, I should rise above,
And bravely bear all dearth
Of human fellowship, for Thou art Love.

The tumult and the strife
Of anxious cares and fears, for me would cease,
And all my earthly life
Be filled with heavenly calm, for Thou art Peace.

Grant, Lord, that I may see
Thee present alway whatsoe'er befall,
Then will remain for me
Naught to desire, for Thou art all in all.

CONSECRATION

Heavenly Father, Thou whose love,
Beaming on me from above,
Scatters shades of death and night,
Filling all my soul with light,
Help me all the way I go,
Love and praise to Thee to show.

Thou who openest Heaven to me,
Thou who makest me to be
With Thy presence comforted,
With Thy heavenly manna fed,
Teach me, Father, if there be
Aught that I may do for Thee.

Thou who for my woes dost give
Joys that evermore shall live,—
Heavenly Father, if it be
I may give Thee joy in me,
Teach me, Lord, that blessed way,
Help me walk it day by day.

Be my joy for Thee to live,
For Thy praise my powers to give,
Every hour an hour of prayer,
Thy approval all my care,
Thy free grace my only might,
Thou my Guide, my Life, my Light.

IN COVENANT WITH GOD

I am in covenant with God,—

The mighty God who all things made,
Who all things holds within His hands;
Of what then can I be afraid?

I am in covenant with God!

There is no grief can take away
The sweetness of that joy for me,
'Tis mine unchangeable for aye.

In covenant with God most high!

With that most blessed bond in view,
What is there that I cannot bear?
What is there that I cannot do?

I am in covenant with Him,—

The God of love,— He is my friend;
How can I doubt that all I need
He will in loving-kindness send?

In covenant with the great God!

Oh, wondrous happiness, that He,
The Lord of Heaven and earth, should make
Eternal covenant with me.

I am in covenant with God!

Strong in that sacred bond I rest,
And know whatever comes to me,
I am for aye supremely blest.

THE OMNIPRESENT

Wherever in the world I fare,
Though near or far it be,
I know I cannot go from God,
Be it on land or sea.

So is my blessedness assured,
Where'er my lot be cast;
I have a guaranty of joy
Immeasurably vast.

His sure abiding day and night,
Whatever else befall,—
The shining in my soul of Him
Who filleth all in all.

THE SPARROWS

The sparrows that for morsels gather
About my doorway fearlessly,
Seem sent by the all-loving Father
As messengers of grace to me.

I listen to them as to teachers
Who throw new light on lessons old;
“Are not,” demand the heaven-sent preachers,
“Two sparrows for a farthing sold?

“And yet thy Heavenly Father ever
Protects and watches o'er them all,
And even one of them shall never
Upon the ground without Him fall.

“ O restless one, so sorely cumbered
With cares and fears, thy very hairs
Are by the loving Father numbered
Who for the feeble sparrows cares.

“ Thou art of greater value surely
Than many sparrows are, and He
Who in His love holds so securely
The little sparrows, will hold thee.

“ Then entertain thy fears no longer;
Cast off for aye thy anxious load;
Look at the sparrows and grow stronger
In trustfulness toward thy God.”

FROM FAITH TO KNOWLEDGE

When in the shining day with gladness filled
A sudden consciousness our being thrilled
Of radiance diviner than that seen,
Fain we believed that that transcendent sheen
More blessed than the glory of the sun
Beamed from the face of the Eternal One.

Fain we believed; but when in joyless night
Shone through the darkness such transcendent
light
That no more night had terror so illumed,
And in our soul distraught and sorrow-gloomed,
Sweet peace and pain-forgetting gladness grew,
Straightway we knew that light was God: we *knew!*

GOD OUR REFUGE

O God, our refuge and our strength,
We trust Thy mighty power,
We trust Thy boundless tenderness
In every darksome hour.

Though troubles press us heavily,
And grievous ills draw near,
Encompassed with Thy arms of love,
We vanquish every fear.

Though mighty foes our hearts assail,
We shall not faint nor fall,
For Thou, our ever-present help,
Art mightier than all.

In every conflict of the way
Triumphant we shall be,
While strong and fearless we are made
With mightiness from Thee.

We know there is no victory
Too great for us to gain;
We know whatever may betide
Unmoved we shall remain.

For Thou, the mighty Lord of Hosts,
Art with us night and day,
And in the refuge of Thy love
We are secure for aye.

THE ETERNAL REFUGE

Eternal Father, God of mercy,
When in distress we fly to Thee,
How swift, how tender Thy compassion,
Unworthy, erring, though we be;
Our grievous waywardness forgiving,
Thou foldest us in Thy embrace,
Thou comfortest our every sorrow,
Thou givest us Thy helping grace.

No love but Thine can so console us,
No touch but Thine our wounds can heal,
No power but Thine can so uplift us
Above the cares and griefs we feel.
With Thy transforming light illumined,
Our night of darkness turns to day;
The storm departs, the clouds are lifted,
The gloomy shadows flee away.

Oh, refuge infinite, eternal,
For every weary, troubled soul!
Secure in Thee, our terrors vanish,
Our heavy burdens from us roll;
We rest in Thee, we joy, we triumph,
We know the wonders of Thy grace;
Oh, teach us ever, we beseech Thee,
To make in Thee our dwelling place.

ENDURING AS SEEING THE INVISIBLE

Thou whose love is infinite,
Thou whose promises are sure,
Make us, looking unto Thee,
Strong and patient to endure.

From our hearts remove the veil,
That Thy presence we may see,
And illumined with Thy light,
Evermore uplifted be.

By the power of hope and grace
Thy near love and mercy give,
O'er our burdening woes we rise,
Strong to suffer, strong to live.

So with hearts upturned to Thee,
Sure of Thy almighty aid,
We will walk our pilgrim way
Dauntless, tireless, unafraid.

Over sorrow, care, and pain
Always conquerors to be,
While with firm, unswerving trust
Steadfastly we look to Thee.

Ever upward lead us so,
Till to Thy abiding place
Thou at last exalt us, Lord,
And we see Thee face to face.

A NEW DAY

Lord, a new day stands before me
Telling naught of what it brings;
To Thy boundless vision only
Are revealed its hidden things.

Not in me, O Heavenly Father,
Is the power to meet alone,
And to conquer in the meeting,
All this new day brings unknown.

Not in me the needed wisdom
For its duties new and old,
Not in me the grace and patience
For the trials it may hold.

Not in me the strength to battle
With temptations great and small,
And to keep my soul from sinning
And from grieving Thee through all.

Not in me; but all sufficient
Are the grace and strength in Thee;
Let them, all my lack supplying,
Work triumphantly in me.

That whate'er the day shall bring me,
I may do Thy will divine,
And in every passing moment
Show I am a child of Thine.

A LEAVE-TAKING

As oft we know not till arrives the hour
That is to sever us from comrades dear,
How strong the ties that bind our hearts to them,
So not till now when I am called to leave
The humble chamber that has been my home,
Have I divined how dear it has become,
How keen the pain of leaving it will be;
Yet it were marvel were it otherwise;
For it has been to me a place of rest,
A refuge from the world and vexing cares,
A hiding-place from all but the beloved;
The welcome feet of these have trod its floor,
Their voices have made glad the atmosphere
With cheering, kindly speech, till it has grown
Perpetually eloquent of them
To joy my spirit when they were afar.
Here have I held with them communion sweet
That quickened me and knit my soul to them
With stronger bonds of fellowship and love,
And made life grow more beautiful, more blest.
And yet a higher consecration still
This place has known, for the Eternal One,
The Light of all, has visited me here,
And made the hours of darkness luminous,
And comforted my griefs, and laid His hush
Of patience on my too complaining heart,
And stilled the troubled waves that filled my soul
With His soft benison of heavenly peace,
And granted to me from His hidden things,
To make me stronger and to lift me up,
Joys so exalted, so ineffable,

My heart indeed had not divined before
That such joys were this side of Paradise.
In such sweet, heavenly wise have I been brought
To meet and know Him here — the Shining One—
And learned to trust Him with a trust so strong
I know that it can never be removed.
Thus has this humble little room been made
A sanctuary glorified by Him,
Wherein I have essayed to offer Him
More fitting adoration than of old,
More loving homage of a grateful heart.
And now, while with unspeakable regret
I leave this hallowed and beloved retreat,
In doubt that I shall ever see it more,
Yet do I leave it with deep thankfulness
That I have learned within its humble walls
How one may make the lowliest abode
A habitation of supreme delights,
A very ante-room of Paradise.

RECOMPENSE DIVINE

Oh, sorrow-bowed, soul-weary one
Who for thy dear possessions gone,
Thy sweet delights from thee withdrawn,
 Uncomforted dost sit,
What if by merciful decree
Thy finite joys depart from thee,
That so thy emptied heart may be
 Filled with the Infinite!

If such thy destiny divine,
What recompense! though thou resign
The dear felicities once thine,
 The painless paths once trod;
What though disaster thee befall,
What though thou lose beyond recall
Thy best loved joys, thy earthly all,
 If only thou find God!

A MISSION STILL

One day when discontent and gloom
Held in my heart unwonted room,
Came with bright words of cheer to me
A friend I loved to see.

And in her hand she bore with care
A blossom wonderful and rare,
But some mishap had rendered less
Its primal loveliness.

“ ‘Twas such a lovely thing,” said she,
“ When I left home, but,—as you see—
By a most trying accident
It has been bruised and bent.

“ But it has grace and sweetness left,
‘Tis not of beauty quite bereft,
And so I thought it might fulfill
A little mission still.”

“ It will, it does!” I quickly said,
Most strangely moved and comforted,
For swiftly to my inner sense
Came a sweet influence,

As if quick sunshine entered in
Where all before had darkness been,
And whispered were into my ear
These words of hope and cheer.

“ Oh, faint not, bruised and bleeding heart,
Nor think of little worth thou art;
Doubt not thou likewise may’st fulfill
A little mission still.

“ Though crippled are thy energies
And few thy opportunities,
Some effluence may go from thee
A power for good to be.

“ While life and aught of strength remain
Thou surely need’st not live in vain;
There is some useful path for thee,
Seek it all faithfully.

“ Scorn not thy talents weak and small,
For He who ruleth over all
Will grant to thee favor divine
To aid thy high design;

“ And make thy earnest efforts be
More rich in fruits than thou canst see,—
An offering for the Master meet,
In His sight pure and sweet.

“ Then hasten, bruised and drooping heart
To do thy own, thy little part,
And thy new zeal to thee shall give
New joy, new strength to live.”

THE MASTER REVEALED

Once was a master of a noble art,
Of high degree and fame, who taught so well —
If those to whom the happy lot befell
To be his pupils fully did their part
With faithfulness and a devoted heart,
One alway from their work might surely tell
Who was their teacher, so did he excel
In skill his touch distinguished to impart.
Ah, happy they indeed whose *soul* work done,
Such grace and beauty of fulfillment shows,
It yields indubitable evidence
Their teacher was divine,— the perfect One
Who only the exalted methods knows
Which can achieve the highest excellence.

THE MASTER'S ANSWER

So far from reached, so high above me yet,
Appeared the goal I for my soul had set;
Nearing despair, I to the Master cried,
“ May I with lower goal be satisfied ? ”
He bent on me a look of heavenly love,
And pointed to a farther height above.

Swift consternation smote my spirit through;
Then flashed the thought: “ He knows what I can
do;
If He believes that peak I might attain,
I must not fail this lower height to gain.”
Beamed then anew on me that light of love,
While still He pointed to the height above.

And now if of the steep ascent I tire,
I lift my eyes to where He beckons higher,
And say, “ Faint not, keep bravely on, my soul;
Attain at least thy self-appointed goal;
Thou surely canst attain it if thou will,
For He who knows thy powers points higher still.”

GOD'S ALMONERS

Upon the hearts of them that love Him
The Lord of love and glory beams,
And heavenly light and joy and blessing
Flow in to them in ceaseless streams.

Though they have naught of earthly treasure,
Though all their earthly joys decay,
They count themselves possessed of all things,
And know their wealth is theirs for aye.

They hear the bounteous Giver charge them:
“ What I bestow dispense for me;
Of blessed things that I have given,
Glad almoners to others be.

“ For whatsoever thus ye render,
I will enrich you more and more,
And ever fresh supplies of treasure
Into your hearts will gladly pour.”

Then go they forth, and of His bounty
They offer to their fellow-men,
In overflowing measure, knowing
They never can be poor again.

SABBATH

How sweet to the storm-driven soul
To turn from waves of care away,
And anchor in the heavenly calm
Of the untroubled Sabbath day:
Within its peaceful silences
Is hope revived and strength renewed,
And joys celestial spring to birth
While mortals feast on angels' food.

Light from the everlasting hills
Softly illumines the sacred hours,
And holds afar the darksome shades
Of vexing and unholy powers;
The gentle voice of love divine
Falls clearly on the listening ear,
And earth's harsh discords die away,
And Heaven's harmonies we hear.

Oh, blessed haven of repose
Provided by the Father's love!
Dear foretaste to earth-weary ones
Of the eternal rest above,
Where, freed from earth's captivity,
Life's storms and cares for aye shall cease,
And God shall hold us evermore
Within the haven of His peace.

A PRAYER

O Lord, for her we love who languishes
In sickness and in pain, we pray to Thee,
That Thou wilt grant to make her bed for her
With Thine own hands of love and tenderness;
Spread underneath her thy sustaining grace,
Lay over her for grateful covering
Thy plentiful and precious promises,
And let abiding peace her pillow be;
That ever may be hers that blessed rest
Which Thou dost give to Thy belovèd ones.
Encompass her with hope's bright atmosphere,
And let the sunlight of Thy wondrous love
Flood her with strength'ning, beatific beams;
That so with all Thy solaces divine
May come through very pain and helplessness,
Such revelation of Thyself to her,
Her heart above all sublunary loss
Uplifted by the heavenly recompense,
Triumphant o'er the flesh may singing go
Through all the days of her imprisonment;
Till the barred doors shall open wide for her
And she shall walk earth's pleasant ways again.
Else, if Thou call her to receive her crown,
As gladly may she soar from earth to Thee,
As, loosed from her duress, the exiled dove
Flies on swift wings to the far home she loves.

MISSION OF A FLOWER

Dear Child, when thou didst go from me
To thy eternal home above,
At first I could not brook to see
 The plant still thrive which thou didst love;
In those dark hours of wild distress
I turned my eyes from it aside,
In deep, unreasoning bitterness
 That it should live when thou hadst died.

Then calmer tears began to flow,
And better thoughts were born in me;
On it my care I would bestow
 In loving memory of thee.
Perhaps some easing of my pain
The task for love of thee would bring,
Perhaps some consciousness of gain
 Within my grieving heart would spring.

Now sweetly is my hope fulfilled,
And my lone heart, in glad surprise,
Is with divine emotion thrilled
 As its first blossom greets my eyes.
It brings in heavenly recompense
A revelation new of thee,
A comforting, exalting sense
 Of thy pure presence here with me.

And as its petals fair unfold
In all their loveliness and grace,
In its pure chalice I behold
 The saintly beauty of thy face;

In its sweet breath I seem to hear
A message heavenly from thee,
Whisp'ring in utterances clear,
"Behold, I live; weep not for me!"

What consolation now is mine
That still the plant thou lovedst lives,
And ministrations so divine,
By its pure, gentle effluence gives;
How gladly will I give it care,
And let it sweetly speak for thee,
Till I shall likewise go, to share
Thy blessed immortality.

REQUITING ATTAINMENT

By whatsoever length of storm-swept ways,
By whatsoever stretch of grievous days,
To have attained, abidingly, at last,
The joy undying, limitlessly vast,
The peace divine, imperishably sweet,
From growing vision of the Infinite,
It is to know of Heaven's blessedness,
It is for all of loss and bitterness
Ineffable requital to receive,
It is invincible of soul to live.

THY WILL BE DONE

O Thou, who over sin and sorrow,
The victory for us hast won
From Thee alone, O Christ, we borrow
The grace to say, " Thy will be done."

How could we drink the cup of anguish
Hadst Thou not taught us first the way,—
Didst Thou not on our lips that languish,
Thy touch of sweet submission lay.

Omniscient God, in full surrender,
We yield our erring wills to Thine,
Confiding in Thy mercies tender,
Thy love, compassionate, divine.

Thou who canst make us gather sweetness
From every cup of bitterness,
We trust, O Lord, in its completeness,
Thy power our cup of rue to bless.

Thy will be done, O heavenly Father;
In us Thy purposes fulfill;
We drink the cup Thou givest, Father,
And love and praise and trust Thee still.

NOT ALONE

Ways of sorrow have I trodden,
Ways with perils thickly strown,
Ways tempestuous and darkling,
But I have not walked alone.

One there is who never failed me,
Never went from me apart,
Save when He was driven from me
By my cold, ungrateful heart.

Often has He hastened nearer,
Answering my feeblest prayer,
Often have His strong arms saved me
From abysses of despair.

Countless joys, exalted, precious,
Has His presence brought to me,
And His blessed words of promise
Touching heavenly things to be.

What am I that He so holy
Should reveal Himself to me ?
What am I that He so kingly
Should my friend and helper be ?

He is King of kings forever;
He is Lord of lords most high,
Yet He deigns in love and pity
To draw near to such as I.

Shall I fear, with Him to guide me,
Though dark ways I still must wend?
Shall I faint, with Him beside me,
Though at Heaven alone they end?

Nay, I fear not and I faint not,
Far more blest with Him so near,
Than in smoothest ways without Him,
Though to me those ways were dear.

And at last, when, this life ended,
Opens for me Heaven's gate,
He may show what seemed so grievous
Was for me a blessed fate,

And the way that looked so darksome
To my feeble, mortal sight,
Was for me the only pathway
Leading up to endless light.

EVER TO REMEMBER

When walking in untroubled, happy ways,
Shall I forget or ever cease to praise
Him who, when I was treading pathways drear,
As comforter and guide was ever near ?
Nay, Lord, my all-absorbing aim shall be
Each hour to praisefully remember Thee.

Shall I forget whene'er the day is bright
Him who illumed for me the sombre night ?
Who in my utter weakness made me strong,
Who in my bitter sorrow gave me song ?
Nay, Lord, alway Thy love remembering,
New songs to Thee I every hour would sing.

Lord, let no joy come to this heart of mine
That leads me to forget Thee, Friend divine,
And make my dearest joy alway to be,
Dear God of comfort, to remember Thee;
So shall I see no joyless, thankless day,
And fail not all my grateful vows to pay.

THE PASSING OF THE SINGER

(A. M. B.)

Into our hearts she sang her way,
The beautiful singer with voice divine;
And now from the world she has sped for aye
To the far beyond whence comes no sign.

We heard them say, " She was buried to-day;"
Oh, say not so if ye love her well;
She is flown from that house of flesh away
Wherein on earth she was wont to dwell.

It was not *she* — as we heard them say —
That was laid beneath the cold, dark sod,
It was but the beautiful, lifeless clay,—
The beautiful soul has gone up to God.

'Tis meet the fair form she tenanted here
Should sepulchred be with tenderest care;
'Tis meet that the tomb be sacred and dear,
But ever remember, *she* is not there.

She has gone to swell the chorus sweet
Of the angel choirs in the heights above,
And anon again we there shall meet
That fair spirit who alway lives in our love.

ON THE STORMY SEA

Matthew xiv. 28-34

O Christ, upon the stormy sea
O'er which Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
All unafraid and calm I walk,
While Thy approaching form I see.

Not at the threatening sky I look,
Not at the waters dark and deep,
But upon Thee, O Son of God,
My steadfast, trustful gaze I keep.

I cannot sink, I cannot fall,
While unto Thee I lift my eyes;
Firmly, triumphantly I tread
The billows that around me rise.

Oh, joy, to see Thee not afar!
To know the perils almost past,
And Thou to Thy eternal calm
Wilt surely bring me safe at last.

VICTORY OVER DEATH

O God of life and love!
When to Thy courts above
Thou graciously shalt summon me,
Rejoicingly I'll sing,
“O Death, where is thy sting?
O Grave, where is thy victory?”

Death shall Thy envoy be
To set my spirit free
From its captivity for aye;
From pain and care and strife
To bear me to the life
That knows no sorrow, no decay.

The grave can only claim
My life-forsaken frame,
While unto Thee my soul shall soar,
Thy unveiled face to see,
And in Thy light to be
Exalted, joyful, evermore.

Then welcome, death, the grave;
Thou, Lord, my soul shalt save,
Triumphant over them to rise;
Dear Lord compassionate,
Thy summons I await
To meet Thee in Thy Paradise.

TO ONE DEPARTED

Belovèd spirit, freed for aye
From earth's tormenting care and pain,
Forgive the tears that will have way,
Because through all my earthly stay
Thou couldst not here with me remain.

Does my weak heart begrudge thee, dear,
Thy new-found happiness above,
Because I longed to keep thee here
And alway have thy spirit's cheer
And know the comfort of thy love ?

Dear heart, no longer selfish grief
Shall all my thoughts of thee employ;
Strong in the Christian's sweet belief,
My sorrowing heart shall find relief
In contemplation of thy joy.

As ever when thou wast on earth
I made thy happiness my own,
And joy to me was little worth
If thou of happiness had dearth,—
So be it now that thou art gone.

Oh, listen now, belovèd one !
I joy that all thy grief is past;
I joy that thy earth-life is done,
And thou the bliss of Heaven hast won:
Ah! why still fall the tears so fast?

O Christ! I have not learned *Thee* so;
Transform my all too selfish love,
And make it more like Thine to grow,
Till I so joy *his* joy to know,
My sorrow I shall rise above.

AFTER THE STORM

The storm is over now, all is serene;
The sun shines bravely while the last clouds fly,
The wind so lately fierce sweeps calmly by;
But everywhere fragments of wreck are seen
That show how terrible the storm has been;
In grief beholding them, powerless am I
To lift my eyes to the clear, smiling sky,
Or to forget the dreadful loss they mean;
Doubtless, divinely tutored, I shall learn
Ere long to look away from them and see
The unscathed joys that still to me remain,
And to the lights above my face upturn
And hear life's now unnoticed symphony,
And then, I know my heart will sing again.

COURAGE TO THE END

O thou aweary of earth's grievous road,
Lose not thy courage till Christ comes for thee;
Be patient to endure through His great might,—
Aye, to the end endure, and then, for thee
The last pain suffered and the last night passed,
In fields celestial of eternal day
Thou shalt for every torment, every tear, 6
Reap joyful harvest in so sweet repay,
Thou wouldst not, if thou might, make one the less
Thy hours of anguish and of sorrow here;
But, seeing all His loveliness unveiled
Who walked with thee in thy dark agonies,
In rapture thou shalt praise Him evermore
That through the torturing ways He led thee so,
And made thee trustful, patient to endure,
Until He said to thee: "It is enough;
Come to the place I have prepared for thee,
Receive thy crown and reign with me for aye."

POST MERIDIEM

Fainter, fewer, more afar,
Earth's sweet sounds and visions are
As we swiftly sail away
In the waning of the day —
All too swiftly, all too soon —
From life's bright meridian.

But, O sad, lamenting soul,
From the near eternal goal,
Whither speeds that bark of thine,
Hark! What melodies divine
For thy sweet beguilement sent
And thy sorrow's banishment.

Lo! What visions of delight,
Fast unfolding to thy sight!
Prophets of the things to be,
Heaven's harbingers to thee,
Thy affections to entice
To the bliss of Paradise.

How the heavenly sounds and sights
Wean thee from thy old delights!
How they soften thy regret,
Luring thee till thou forget
All thy sense of loss and pain
In the new, transcendent gain.

Hark, amid the melodies
Of supernal verities,
Dost thou not begin to hear

Voices of the lost and dear
Sweetly calling thee away
To the songful, endless day?

Lo! among the visions bright,
Beatific to thy sight,
Dost thou not begin to see
Shining ones, akin to thee,
Beckoning thee from above
To the life of deathless love?

Listen! Look! O heaven-bound soul!
Turn thou ever to the goal!
Look not back on loss and night,
Onward look to joy and light,
To new bliss and bliss restored
In the Heaven of thy Lord.



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